Another

ODE

TO

Sir *ROBERT.*

Transportation: Or, the *Tower*.

AN

ODE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *Robert Walpole*,

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

By Mr. MITCHELL.

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Transportation:

OR, THE

TOWER.

I.

SEVEN Years your Levees I have haunted,
And ſeven times ſeventy Smiles receiv'd,
With Promiſes of what I wanted,
Which, oft repeated, were believ'd.

II.

But, tho' your *Honour* oft has deign'd
To ſmile, and promiſe very fair,
Nor *Place* nor *Penſion*, yet, I've gain'd,
----Which looks as if you did not care!

III.

Since long Dependence prov'd ſo vain,
I purpos'd never more to beg:
But my devoted Muſe wou'd fain
Tempt me to make another Leg.

IV.

Whene'er I grumble at the Court,
And wiſh I had a Cobler been,

She, loyal Creature! checks me for't,
And funs me out of all my Spleen.

V.

When hypp'd at Diſappointments paſt,
I think of other Ways and Means,
She tells me, you'll vouchſafe, *at laſt*,
To make Amends for Time and Pains.

VI.

Thus, ſitting with a rueful Face
At *Randall*'s Coffee-Houſe in City,
She urg'd me, Sir, to ſtate my Caſe,
And undertook to move your Pity.

Com-

VII.

Complaints (ſhe ſaid) *will not avail,*
And you're for cobling Shoes unfit:
Then be adviſ'd, ere Hope quite fail,
To uſe the Int'reſt of your Wit.

VIII.

Sir Robert *likes it*—*and ſometimes*
Has ſhewn himſelf your Patron kind:
Att *him again with gentle Rhimes*;
Unleſs you ſeek, *you'll never* find.

IX.

Beſides, his Honour now has Leiſure
(*Since* Europe's *Peace his Art reſtor'd*)

To

To think of you with greater Pleaſure,
And with more Eaſe make good his Word.

X.

Encourag'd thus, Sir, I make bold
With t'other Ode to ply for Pelf----
On what great Man can I lay hold
For Place or Penſion but your ſelf?

XI.

If, in a lucky Minute ſent,
My Stanzas find your Humour gay,
I ſhall not then my Pains repent—
For ſomething very kind you'll ſay.

XII.

But ſhou'd (which Heav'n forbid) you read,
When Buſineſs fills your Breaſt with Care,
I fear you'd ſhake your thoughtful Head,
And frown me into freſh Deſpair.

XIII.

Rather than keep me in ſuch Caſe,
Great Sir, exert your *envy'd* Pow'r----
I'll reckon it an *Act of Grace*
To be committed to the TOW'R.

XIV.

There, Seven and Sixpence every Day
Will ſerve to make me eat and drink;

Preſerve me out of Bayliff's Way,
And furniſh Paper, Pens, and Ink.

XV.

But ſhould you ſtart me this Objection,
That I'm not guilty of a *Plot*,
I'll make one, Sir, by your Direction—
My Head I doubt can hardly do't.

XVI.

Flunket and *Kelly*, There, in Time,
To Politicks might turn my Pate;
Teach me to barter *thriftleſs* Rhime
For *gainful* Troubling of the State.

XVII.

But if your Honour thinks not meet
So near the Lyons to entruſt me,
I, humbly falling at your Feet,
Beſeech you ſomewhere elſe to thruſt me.

XVIII.

A Band of wretched *Britons*, bound
For GEORGIA, look for better Living;
Tranſport me with them, Sir renown'd,
And put me in a Way of Thriving.

XIX.

There, I, e'en I, in Time, (who knows?)
Might grow a Miniſter of State!

Like

Like you, be prais'd in Rhime and Proſe!
And make dependent Mortals *wait!*

XX.

* *Duck-Iſland*'s Government would The■
No more be beg'd, no more delight;
Not Fowl and Fiſh I'd rule, but Men,
By Laws of Liberty and Right.

XXI.

The Savage INDIANS, taught by me,
(I ſpeak not this by way of Joke)
Might, by Degrees, good *Chriſtians* be,
And tamely take the *Britiſh* Yoak.

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* See the *Sine-cure*, a Petition to Sir *Robert* for the Government of *Duck-Iſland* in St. *James*'s Park, by the Author.

Lo!

XXII.

Lo! King * *Ouka*, and eke the Prince,
Brave *Caterguſta*, my old Friends,
Chiefs among *Cherakees!* convince
How eaſy 'twere to gain my Ends.

XXIII.

† *Adomo Tomo*, from *Paupau*,
(Than whom no *White* is better hearted!)

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* *Ouka* and *Caterguſta*, two Chiefs of the *Cherakees*, whom Sir *Alexander Cumming*, Bart. brought over from *South Carolina*, about two Years ago.

† *Adomo Tomo*, Envoy from the Emperor of *Paupau*, who came from the Coaſt of *Guinea* with Captain *Lamb*, and is now entertain'd at the *African* Houſe.

To *Engliſh* Liberty and Law
Already I have half converted.

XXIV.

But ah! ſhall MITCHELL, Fortune's Sport!
Be doom'd to bid a laſt Adieu
To *Plays*, *Aſſemblies*, and the *Court*,
And (hardeſt Fate of all!) to you?

XXV.

Yet 'tis, by the whole Houſe of me,
RESOLV'D, that I'll not periſh here:
Then, if I'm favour'd, to it ſee,
Ere, Light'ning like, I diſappear.

XXVI.

Methinks I hear your Honour ſay,

Go, and be damn'd, you Fool; abroad----

---Yet, now I think on't, MITCHELL, *ſtay----*

I'll give you ſomething for your ODE.

FINIS.